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In memoriam, Harriet Hollond

IN MEMORIAM



✓
HARRIET HOLLOND.

BY
✓
HENRY A. BOARDMAN.

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1871.

HARRIET HOLLOND.

AMONG the numerous letters of sympathy which came to me and my family soon after that sad event of the ninth of August last (1870), was one from a friend upon whom this blow had fallen with an almost crushing severity. It contained this passage:—"I am wrong and selfish to write of my own great sorrow, when your poor heart is bowed by a yet greater. Above all earthly friends, I know she valued *you*. Her heart held on to you with an ever-tightening grasp. You were her counsellor, her guide, her *soul's* friend, and her own brother. You have many appreciating, loving friends, but you will be, Oh, *so much* the poorer for the loss of one whose devotion, I think, none other could resemble, or nearly approach,—so little

was her life separated from yours, so near to each other were your homes, and so constantly were you together in your absences from the city."

I trust it may not seem indelicate in me to quote this passage. I place it here at the opening of this sketch, first, as indicating the reason why I have said nothing, and *can* say nothing, of my friend from the pulpit; and, secondly, to explain the simple and familiar tone I shall observe in penning this brief "MEMORIAL."

I.

ON leaving the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., I came to the Tenth Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, and was ordained and installed as its Pastor, November 8, 1833. Among the families that welcomed me to my new charge, was that of Mrs. ANN E. HOLLOND. Her husband, CHARLES HOLLOND, an English gentleman of honorable descent, whose generous culture and attractive social qualities lent grace and dignity to the sterling virtues which formed the basis of his character, had died in the faith and hope of the Gospel, on the 15th day of March, 1831. Of his family, two half-brothers and their sister are still living—one of the former being the Rev. EDMUND HOLLOND of London, an excellent and evangelical minister of the Church of

England. Mrs. HOLLOND was left with five children. Of these the youngest daughter, bearing the mother's name, was already in a decline when I came to the city. She lingered for eighteen months a fragile, gentle child, and died May 27, 1835, in her fourteenth year. An only son, CHARLES WILLIAM, born September, 28, 1824, died on the 18th of January, 1859. The remaining daughters were as follows:—HARRIET, born October 12, 1812: MARY, August 23, 1814: FANNY, June 28, 1819. Of these, the two elder sisters had united with the Tenth Church in December, 1832, a few months before my ordination: the last joined them at the Lord's Table six weeks after my settlement—the first Communion service in my pastoral life. The three sisters were as closely and happily united as any family group I have ever known. FANNY was the more richly endowed with intellectual gifts. That fine face and form enshrined as much of mental power and moral worth and true nobility of soul, as any I have ever known.

A stranger might not at once detect this. For a veil of exquisite modesty and self-distrust shut in her costly treasures from casual eyes. Her sensitive nature shrank from observation; but with no irritable or morbid feeling. For her bosom was the home of all the charities. No kindly, loving, generous, element can be named, that was not incorporated with her being, and exemplified in the daily temper of her life. Her sisters, graced with kindred virtues, each the other's peer in all that pertains to true womanly refinement and solid worth, always regarded FANNY with a just pride in her rare abilities, and with an intense affection, in which sisterly love was blended with a sort of maternal tenderness. It was part of their daily life to shield her from every rough wind; and if trouble came, to bear it for her. They watched over her health and comfort, year by year, with a solicitude which knew neither interruption nor abatement.

Of the very few who were admitted to the inner shrine of that household sanctuary,

there are but one or two remaining. They will agree with me, that it is very rare to find, even in the bosom of the most cultivated society, a sight so refreshing as that of the union and communion of these three sisters. While each had her own marked individuality, and a strength and independence which commanded undissembled respect, they were thoroughly at one in their principles, aims, and aspirations. With them all, the grand, central idea of life, was the GREAT REDEMPTION. They felt themselves to be no longer their own, but bought with a price. And into every plan and purpose they carried the paramount desire to honor Him who had ransomed them with His blood. Whatever concerned the well-being of the Church, the relief of suffering humanity, or the comfort of their friends and neighbors, was sure of their ready sympathy. Happy in one another, they were never unmindful of the happiness of those around them. They had, somehow, escaped the common taint of selfishness, and needed no

argument to convince them that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Such fellowships as this seem to prefigure the communion of the saints in glory. They do not last long here. A few years passed by and FANNY HOLLOND was one day attacked with hemorrhage. She understood its significance. They all understood it. They had too much at stake not to feel from the first the chill of the gathering shadows. A weary three months saw the patient invalid gradually yielding to the subtle malady she had inherited. But as the poor tabernacle was giving way, the deathless spirit was pluming its wings for heaven. An evening or two before the close, a friend was repeating at her bedside two or three stanzas of that precious hymn,—

"When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay:—"

Taking up the hymn just where her friend paused, she added,—

"Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His:—"

"*That*," said she, "is the sweetest of all."

Thus she went home to her Saviour. The threefold cord once broken, was only too soon to be severed again. Some two years elapsed when her sister MARY, slipping one day on the sidewalk, sprained her ankle. The accident sent her to her room and kept her there. Always delicate, the long confinement undermined her constitution. With the general prostration, her lungs presently gave tokens of disease, the sure prelude (in her case) of a fatal result. To augment the trial of this visitation, her mother was seized with a threatening illness. Lying in adjoining rooms, the question hung in suspense for several weeks, whether the mother or the daughter would be taken first. Both survived the winter; and Mrs. HOLLOND died on the 29th day of March, 1845. MARY had for some days been too feeble even to be carried into her mother's room; and a fortnight afterward (April 13th), we were gathered in silent sorrow around her death-bed.

I have already adverted to that strong

"family likeness" which attached to these three sisters. In humility, in sincerity, in gentleness, in liberality, in courtesy, and in all that pertains to a beautiful and consistent Christian life, she was quite the equal of the others. A loving, faithful disciple, she kept near to her Saviour; and in her last hours He was very near to her.

"Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine:—
O may such grace on me be shed,
And make my end like thine!"

II.

WHEN this double stroke fell, it came with surroundings which greatly increased its

severity. The lone mourner* that survived, had now gone through three years of anxiety, watching, and tears. Her slender frame seemed as though it must sink under its accumulated burdens. Her flesh and strength declined. Her blanched face and cold hands became more pallid. The desolation of her home preyed upon her spirits. It was a renewal of that sad experience,—

“Years fly, O Lord! and every year
More desolate I grow;
My world of friends thins round me fast,
Love after love lies low.”

There was no murmuring, no repining; but it was apparent to all her friends, that unless sustained by an Almighty arm, she must soon follow her loved ones to the grave. Their prayers received a gracious answer. The Man of Sorrows came to his suffering child, and walked with her through

* Two estimable ladies, both widows, her Cousins on the maternal side, are still living in Europe, one of them in Dublin, the other in Liverpool.

the waters and the fire. During the two ensuing years her health, though feeble, was somewhat ameliorated. While the prospect of permanent relief from the effects of her crushing afflictions, was still in suspense, an unexpected direction was given to her plans. My own health had failed. The physicians prescribed a visit to Europe. I resisted it as long as possible, but was compelled to yield. In the summer of 1837 or '38, these three sisters had joined my family in their excursion to the sea-shore. From that time onward we were always together during the summer holidays. For a few years Mrs. HOLLOND and her daughters were all with us. Then the two sisters. And, finally, to the close of her life, the friend whose loss we now deplore. In 1847, she readily consented to go abroad with my wife and myself. To remain at home, would have involved a trial of feeling both to her and to ourselves, for which none of us were prepared. Her health, too, imperatively demanded a change. We sailed on the 17th of

April of that year, and were absent thirteen months. Of the incidents of the tour I do not propose to speak. How much her society contributed to the pleasure it afforded us, will be apparent to all who knew her. Let it suffice that, once disengaged from the painful associations of her home, she entered warmly into the spirit of our journey, recovered, in a good measure, her natural serenity, enjoyed everything thoroughly, and, by God's blessing, returned not simply with re-established health, but with her constitution so renovated that she appeared like a different person altogether. This wholesome change, already in progress, was accelerated during the closing months of our stay in Europe. For our slow transit through France and a sojourn of several weeks in Paris, occurred in the midst of the memorable scenes of the Revolution of 1848. To breathe an atmosphere so surcharged with excitement, and traverse, day by day, without apprehensions of personal danger, the streets of that great metropolis, convulsed as by the

throes of an earthquake, could not fail to engross all one's powers, and, in the case of our dear fellow-traveller, to deepen the new channels which thought and feeling had formed to themselves. These stirring experiences told with beneficent effect upon her health. Nor is there any room to doubt, that her year in Europe was the chief means, under Providence, of prolonging her valuable life for many years.

These years, it will be seen at the last day, were faithfully dedicated to the service of God and the well-being of her fellow-creatures. The sense of her loneliness—the remembrance of what she had lost—the thought of her home as it was now, when contrasted with what “it might and would have been (as she often said to me), had only one of her sisters been spared to her”—would sometimes return upon her with a resistless energy which broke up all the fountains of her tears and convulsed every fibre of her frame. But she did not surrender herself to grief. Bowing submissively to the rod, she listened,

rather, to the lessons it was designed to convey, and made it the maxim of her life, "What wilt THOU have me to do?"

III.

IF I were asked to indicate two qualities which shone conspicuously in the cluster of graces that infolded the character of my friend, I should name, as others have done, her HUMILITY and her BENEVOLENCE. With a somewhat extensive observation of mankind, and after a pastorate covering nearly forty years, I am free to put it on record, that I have never known, in any sphere of life, a more humble Christian, and never a more benevolent one. She had inherited a

generous fortune. Her social position could not have been more elevated. The consistent and bountiful life she led, attracted to her the love and admiration of a very large circle of friends, and the loving gratitude of the poor. But nothing ever allured her even for an hour out of that Vale of Humility along which her path to heaven lay. It was not of deliberation or plan or purpose, that she thus kept to the footprints of Him who was meek and lowly in heart. Rather was it a necessity of her sanctified nature. No ill-disguised adulation on the part of friends, no involuntary tribute to her worth on the part of comparative strangers, could ever inspire her with a feeling of self-complacency, or abate her consciousness of utter unworthiness as a poor, helpless sinner saved, if saved at all, by free and sovereign grace. Of this, hereafter.

I have spoken of her home. Suppose we enter it. Very beautiful it is—in furniture, in decoration, in all its appointments, such a mansion as becomes its tenant. Few houses

in our city are so replenished with articles of taste and handiwork—curious fabrics from various lands, carvings, portfolios of rare prints, china and porcelain wares, games, and the like. Many of these she collected while in Europe. Many were keepsakes from her friends. Others she added as occasion served. And thus the stock increased with every year. A cynical observer might at the first glance inveigh against what he would style “this extravagance.” But there was no extravagance in it, and no ostentation. Miss HOLLOND was living alone. Her refined tastes appreciated the beautiful in nature and art, and craved some indulgence in this direction,—and no captious tongue, in so far as I know, ever animadverted upon it. But the true key to it is to be sought farther back in her character. Her controlling reason for accumulating these treasures of art, lay in the gratification they afforded her friends. Her sympathy with the young was intense. Considering the singularly quiet, undemonstrative cast of her manners, it was remarkable

how children and youth were drawn to her. There seemed a magnetism about her presence which they could not resist. And yet a second glance may resolve the problem. For that sweet smile which lighted up her features, and the kindly, persuasive tones of that gentle voice, could not fail to tell alike upon children and parents. Who that ever met her even in a casual way, cannot respond to this?

Certainly the fact admits of no dispute: the young enjoyed her society, and her house was one of their favorite resorts. She was always happy in their happiness. It was her custom to devote one or two evenings each winter to the pupils of the Female Seminaries represented in our congregation.* She entered thoroughly into the experiences of these school-girls, away from

* Especially the excellent school of Miss Bonney and Miss Dillaye, the latter of these ladies being a valued member of my church, and a friend to whom Miss HOLLOND was warmly attached.

their homes, and was glad to give them access to her collections. I have often met them there; and it would be safe to say that the evening they spent at 1214 Walnut Street, brought with it as much of innocent and rational pleasure as any evening of the year. Nor did the tide of grateful enjoyment flow only in one direction. They gave—unconsciously, indeed, but liberally—while they received. For those were bright and balmy evenings to their genial hostess. Repeatedly has she said to me after the company had left and the brilliant parlors, still disarranged, had subsided into their wonted silence, “Well, this is a sort of party that *pays well*. Did you ever see a happier set of girls?”

On these, as on all other occasions, her visitors were sure to be impressed with the blended grace and dignity of her manners. This came to her by a birthright patent. It was not the conventional politeness of the fashionable world, the overdone airs by which made-up people so often betray the hand of the artificer. There was no school

of manners which could have taught her anything. Her native refinement, delicacy, good sense, and tact were quite equal to any demands society might make upon her. Her taste in dress and furniture was nearly faultless. In conversation she was uniformly ready, affable, discreet, never prosy—neither monopolizing the talk, nor chilling her guests with frigid monosyllabic responses. Alike with casual visitors, at an evening company, and presiding at her hospitable board surrounded by strangers, she displayed the ease, the observant thoughtfulness, and the graceful recognition of individual characteristics, which lend to these social ministrations a charm that nothing else can supply. The art of “*entertaining*,” as well from its intrinsic value as from its rarity, may fairly claim to be enrolled among the “Fine Arts:” and herein Miss HOLLOND was a great proficient.

IV.

THERE is another side to her household-life which it were inexcusable to pass over. The grand drawback to the home-comfort of American families, lies in the unsatisfactory conditions of our domestic service. Whether it be the price paid for our democratic institutions, the "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" of which we so absurdly boast, or from some other cause, we need not stop to inquire. But the annoying fact admits of no dispute. This tie is, for the most part, all over the country, a tie not of affection, scarcely of principle, but one of sheer interest and convenience. With Miss HOLLOND it was otherwise. Living as she did alone, her experience supplied one of those striking instances of compensation, wherein a benign Providence sometimes comes to the relief of

His stricken children. It pleased Him to send her, many years ago, three faithful women (her "girls," as she always called them), who remained with her to the close. Qualified in every way for their respective spheres, and, through their very diversities of temperament and training, adapted to one another, they came in the course of time to alleviate somewhat the dreadful void created by her desolating bereavements. For once this relation rose to the dignity and purity of a genuine attachment. The mercenary element was thoroughly eliminated. It is saying but a little to assert that their affection for her exceeded that which binds together the members of many well-ordered families. Their love was strong and abiding. They ministered to her comfort with an assiduity and a tenderness which knew no intermission. Her sicknesses and trials weighed upon them as their own. They framed no plans, they claimed no "privileges," they had no aspirations, apart from her interest and happiness. And she reciprocated their devotion. She re-

posed unlimited confidence in their integrity and honor, their discretion and vigilance. She was as mindful of their health as they of hers. She bestowed her kindnesses upon them with a wise profusion, which was never abused. With a grateful heart she recognized the goodness of God in surrounding her with a group of helpers who could thus relieve her from the usual burdens of housekeeping, and upon whose fidelity and affection she could rely without a shadow of distrust. It was, for these untoward times, a spectacle as refreshing as it was unusual. In calling one day to ask her excellent physician, Dr. CASPAR MORRIS, if he would stop and see one of them who was sick, I alluded to the peculiar tie which united Miss HOLLOND and her three "girls," as one of the compensations of Providence; and added, "It would be difficult to find a parallel case in our city." "I do not believe (was his quick reply) there is a parallel case in the world."

Having mentioned Dr. MORRIS, I cannot refrain from adding that *this* tie also was all

that could have been desired. As her medical adviser, her confidence in his skill was so great that he could not have wished it greater; and to this was superadded the veneration and affection (mutual, I am sure) of a generous Christian friendship. She always enjoyed his visits. I feel quite certain that he rarely if ever left her room that he had not ministered to her bodily comfort,—never once that she had not been solaced and cheered by his cordial sympathy and pleasant converse about the things which were nearest her heart and his own.

V.

I HAVE alluded to the sentiment of reciprocal gratitude which pervaded Miss HOLLOND'S

household. Generosity and gratitude are twin virtues. She formed no exception to the settled rule, that the most generous natures are the most sensitive to kindnesses. Gratitude is no exclusively Christian grace ; and ingratitude is no monopoly of unchristian people. My own experience is doubtless the common experience of pastors. In the instances in which I have encountered ingratitude in any marked degree, it has usually come from individuals or families who were brought into the Church through God's blessing upon my unworthy ministrations, or from those whom I have visited, and prayed with, and wept with, in many a scene of sickness, death, and sorrow. Why should a pastor complain of this ? It happens with men of other callings ; why should the ministers of religion be exempt ? Nay, ingratitude was by pre-eminence, and is still, the allotment of their Master. And it is "enough that the disciple be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord." Thanks to His abounding grace, they share with Him no less in the opposite experience. If the "nine"

lepers who returned not, stood for a class of His beneficiaries, the grateful Samaritan represented another class, the honorable succession of which has been unbroken to our day. Within the fold of Christ there is no lack of disciples who are quick to appreciate and acknowledge favors from whatever quarter they come. But some are conspicuous in this regard; and Miss HOLLOND was one of these. Ever alive to the well-being of others, and as covetous of occasions for making somebody happier (the only type of covetousness known to her) as most persons are of procuring benefits to themselves, it seemed to be a sort of surprise to her when any one essayed to share one of her burdens, or to remove a pebble out of her path. The most trivial offices of this sort she viewed as through a powerful microscope. I have known her dilate upon the friendly solicitude for her health expressed by some wayfarer on the street—upon an unexpected visit of courtesy or sympathy—upon a bunch of flowers—upon the gift of a photograph—upon a piece of simple work from a

child—as though she had been made the recipient of some great and unmerited favor. It was impossible to say or to do anything for her comfort or pleasure that it did not make an impression upon her, and bring (sometimes after the actor had forgotten all about it) its due recognition. For her noble nature responded to the most evanescent ministrics of kindness as surely and as sweetly as the *Æolian* harp to the softest breeze.

The mild and engaging qualities to which reference has been made, not unfrequently (in their secondary order) have their rooting in a superficial soil. The Italians have a proverb—"A man may be so good that he is good for nothing." It points to a style of character with which we are all familiar—amiable, affectionate, blameless, but impassive and weak. No such deficiency attached to the character of Miss HOLLOND. On that side of her nature she was all, and more than all, that has been recorded in these pages. And those who met her only in the casual intercourse of society, might suppose that

they had taken her full measurement in ascribing to her an ample dowry of all the milder graces. One of her dearest friends alludes to this very topic in a letter addressed to me shortly after her decease. I may be allowed to quote a previous sentence, because it bears such emphatic testimony to another admirable trait,—her inflexible fidelity to the sacred trusts of friendship. “She was an iron safe for the fullest confidence: the secrets of one who trusted her were never in the remotest manner hinted at nor alluded to, to any other, even if closer and dearer to her heart.” “She had no great facility in putting the inside out, in showing her real and whole self. Her humility and modesty were in the way of this; so that few knew her as I did, none as you did.” Really to know her, was to detect under that tranquil guise a mind well stored with various information, the fruit of careful observation, patient thought, and habits of reading,* continued

* A chronic weakness of one eye forbade her a free use

through life. Nor this alone. It was a mind well poised. She had as much of that homely, Saxon quality we call common sense, next to piety the most valuable of all endowments, as often falls to the lot of man or woman. She illustrated the accuracy and facility of those intuitive judgments by which her sex are able to discern at a glance, conclusions which *we* reach only by a careful process of reasoning. These gifts, in connection with her perfect candor, her prudence, her kindness, and her fidelity to every tie of confidence, made her one of the wisest and best of counsellors. I account it as one of my chief advantages, that I have had at hand for so many years, a friend so ready and so competent to advise with me on matters of public and private duty. Of course we did not always agree. People who are in

of books. But this was in good part compensated by the kind offices of one of her dearest friends, who, for several years, spent three afternoons and evenings of each week with her,—much of the time being devoted to reading.

the habit of thinking for themselves and forming their own opinions, must sometimes differ. But rarely has a pastor found within his fold a counsellor so graced with all the qualities which pastors, beyond almost any other class of men, crave and require in a Christian friend. Nor was her practical wisdom displayed in this relation only. Not to speak of the various Societies which invoked the aid as well of her experience as of her purse, her philanthropic life brought her in contact with very many persons perplexed with questions of daily duty. She was never long in comprehending their exact circumstances, and they were tolerably sure of receiving advice which it would be safe to follow.

VI.

BUT we must pass beyond her home and the circle of her private friendships. This quiet, unassuming Christian lady filled a broad sphere in the Church, and filled it to its outmost limits. On the illness (and subsequent death) of her attached friend, Mrs. ELLEN W. JONES, her fellow-teachers turned at once to her as the proper Superintendent for our Female Sabbath-school. She resisted the appointment. It was repugnant to all her tastes and habits, to be placed in so conspicuous a position. When the indications became so decisive as to preclude further scruple, she accepted the situation. It cost her many a struggle; and she acquiesced in the arrangement precisely as she submitted to any other Providential trial, for as such she regarded it. From that period (1855) on-

ward, there was not a single recurrence of the annual election of officers, that the same conflict was not renewed in her breast. Where all eyes but her own saw every endowment which could adorn the position, her "conscious unfitness" made her shrink from it with a sensitiveness that knew no abatement. Often has she said to me on these occasions—"I have not one qualification for the Superintendency of that school." Had she not been constantly re-appointed by the unanimous and urgent voice of her associates, she would have declined it. But it was the rule of her life to sacrifice private feelings to duty; and she patiently bore the burden that was laid upon her.

How well she bore it, will be attested by all her co-workers. Averse as she was to the office, she gave herself to its requirements with a fidelity and assiduity which could not well have been exceeded. No pastor is more mindful of his flock, than she was of that school. Her method of conducting it was eminently characteristic. Nothing but

sickness or absence from the city could keep her from her post. Always punctual in her attendance, familiar with the details of every class, knowing even every scholar by name, she recognized at a glance the exigencies of each session occasioned by absence and other causes, and with a happy facility provided for them. Genuine courtesy inspired her intercourse both with teachers and scholars. Her very presence carried with it a serene atmosphere. Watchful she was, and efficient in the administration of her trust; but it was a potent mechanism that wrought without jar or friction. She moved about the room, going from form to form, distributing papers, gathering the statistics of the day, inquiring for absentees, or re-adjusting classes, as noiselessly as the breath of Spring steals through a bed of flowers. I suppose that during the fifteen years of her Superintendency, that gentle voice was never once heard across the room.

The last ten of these years were dedicated to the school under circumstances which

most persons would have regarded as a sufficient reason for declining active service whether of this kind or any other. In the fall of 1859, soon after our return from Newport, where she had spent some twenty summers with us, she was suddenly attacked with a most alarming illness. It revealed an organic disease of the heart, of the existence of which no one had any suspicion. Assuming the form of congestion of the lungs, it prevailed with such violence that for forty-eight hours life and death seemed trembling in the uncertain balance. Nothing was omitted which the best medical skill and the most affectionate nursing* could do, to avert a fatal result. And by the mercy of God, she was brought back as from the verge of the grave. It was, however, to be an invalid for the rest

* Her own house was undergoing repairs. She was the guest for the time of the late Mr. ROBERT EWING and his wife, of whose kind attentions she ever retained a most grateful recollection. Mr. Ewing was her mother's half-brother—a gentleman held in universal and merited esteem in the best financial and social circles of our city.

of her days, and to suffer numerous attacks from her insidious malady. Yet even in this situation, she spared herself no labor which might contribute to the well-being of the Sunday-school. She kept her eye upon every scholar. Most of them she was in the habit of looking after in person. If they were sick, she was certain to visit them. Unable for some years before her death to walk even the length of a square, her carriage was often seen standing in front of the lowly houses of the poor—and freighted with welcome condiments for the suffering inmates.

Nor this alone. Her purse was no less open to the school. For many years, in the schools of the Tenth Church as in some others, Bibles and Testaments have been given as rewards for the thorough learning of the Catechisms. Several hundred of these must have been presented—costly copies, too. To this day it has never been announced where they came from. And there are probably teachers, as there must be scores of scholars, who suppose that they were sup-

plied from the common treasury of the schools, instead of being her personal gift.

In common with most intelligent Christians who have seen forty or fifty years, she deplored the prevailing tendency to disparage and neglect the committing of the Scriptures to memory. By way of counter-acting it, she offered a selection of various works intrinsically valuable and in attractive bindings, as premiums to such scholars as should recite accurately certain prescribed chapters of God's Holy Word. The tender was not to those who might compass the *largest* task; for the vicious principle of competition she discarded: but to all who should master the designated chapters—say twelve in all, from as many different Books of the Old and New Testaments, and comprising about two hundred and fifty verses. For three successive years, a Sunday-morning session in the month of April has been devoted to this ceremonial; and very beautiful the spectacle has been. Some thirty or more of these dear young persons have gathered

around the desk, to hear a few simple words of congratulation, and to receive the welcome volumes at the Pastor's hand. How much the generous author of this service rejoiced in it, and with what silent thankfulness to God, we may well imagine. But no stranger could have divined that she had had any special agency in the matter. Dropping into some inconspicuous seat among scholars or visitors indifferently, her chief solicitude appeared to be to enjoy the scene without being noticed. The very inscriptions in the books, defining the object of the presentation, contained no reference to her. Unmoved by my cogent remonstrances, she persistently forbade the mention of her name in these inscriptions; and more than once chided me for vaguely alluding to her in my little addresses to the children. This was part of her very being—this instinctive shrinking from observation. I am sure she must have had an intense fellow-feeling with that poor woman who, with a trembling hand, touched the hem of the Saviour's garment. We shall see more of this as we proceed.

VII.

THE Tenth Presbyterian Church has, from its foundation in 1829, been rich in its female membership. I have never known a congregation more blest in this respect. Their record may be photographed in three words, —*efficient without officiousness*. Think of a large congregation going on prosperously for forty years without developing or enlisting a single “busy-body,” the bane of so many societies, religious and secular. This noble band of Christian ladies, without neglecting other forms of benevolent action, have for many years given their special attention to the preparation of boxes of clothing for the families of faithful Missionaries. A few figures will show that they have secured to the congregation they represent, an honorable pre-eminence among our three thousand churches

in this interesting department of philanthropic effort. From 1850 to 1870 the number of boxes prepared and despatched by them has been 220, comprising an aggregate of 55,800 different articles, and estimated, on a low valuation, at \$47,000. To this work Miss HOLLOND gave her warmest sympathies, her unwearied care, and her munificent benefactions. When her house was enlarged and renovated, eleven years ago, she had two capacious closets constructed for this specific purpose,—one of them, lined with cedar, being always known as the “Missionary closet.” To these depositories the whole Winter’s work of the congregation found its way. The ladies associated with her were glad to appropriate their time and money and industry to a cause so near their hearts; while, on her part, she was constantly purchasing goods, arranging the work, and helping forward their plans in every practicable way. She was not the official Head of the Society. It had no such Head. No one cared to be “President;” and she would not consent to be. She was the

Treasurer—a Treasurer who, after expending the inadequate contributions received from the congregation, uniformly supplied all deficiencies from her own purse. It was noticed by the Managers that the Treasurer's Annual Report always balanced to a farthing—a very unusual result, which seemed to have its key in a large item credited anonymously as "*Donations.*" I believe no auditing committee ever felt called upon to investigate this mysterious entry; and it is certain the Treasurer volunteered no explanation.

By the close of April each year, the accumulation of clothing, household goods, books, medicines, toys, and notions, quite tested the capacity of those spacious closets. From numerous applications, the families of ten ministers of the Gospel were selected with much deliberation. On the appointed day, the entire assortment of goods was carried to the school-room of the church, giving it the appearance for the time of a great clothing warehouse. The members of the Society, with many visitors, gathered in

force, and a few hours of hard but cheering work saw the boxes packed and marked and sent off to the steamers and railroads. Miss HOLLOND was there early and late on these Anniversaries; and while every one (strangers not excepted) was exhilarated by the spectacle, it is safe to presume that there was a tide of quiet, grateful joy flowing through that generous bosom to which no words could have given expression. It was to her what the joy of the harvest is to the reaper. And this pleasure increased in volume as the return letters reached her—letters from these men of God, describing the reception of the boxes, dilating upon the unexpected variety and amplitude of the supplies, and affluent in thanksgivings to God and benedictions upon the donors.

VIII.

HER benevolent sympathies demanded yet wider scope. Among many characteristic passages *marked* in her Bible, is the opening of the 41st Psalm: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." How well she "considered the poor," will not be fully revealed until the myriads of the ransomed shall hear her Saviour say to her, and others like her, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." But we have had some light on this point, and are now to have more.

In the winter of 1857-8, one of the Elders of my church (I could wish that all our churches had Elders run in the same mould), inviting the aid of two or three of his brethren, commenced a meeting for social

prayer. Neighbors were attracted to the place. Encouraging indications appeared. At the end of two years (March, 1860), under Miss HOLLOND's auspices, a suitable house in South Juniper Street was rented, and a lady of my church, admirably qualified for the task, was employed to superintend operations. Having tested the plan for a year or two, Miss HOLLOND purchased the premises, made needful alterations, provided suitable furnishings of all kinds, and appropriated the whole to this truly philanthropic object. Such was the origin of her "JUNIPER STREET MISSION." Like everything with which she had to do, it was undertaken and prosecuted without trumpets or cymbals. So far from this indeed, that it is doubtful whether one-half the members of my own church have to this day heard of the existence of this noble charity. I never knew her to speak of it in the ordinary intercourse of society. She rarely alluded to it even in the presence of those who might be ranked among her intimate friends. Yet this

Mission was daily if not hourly upon her mind. Its indispensable claims made large draughts upon her time and means. She watched its progress with a grateful heart; and gathered strength and refreshment from her personal visits to a field where *others* "were doing so much good."

The general plan of the Mission is this. The lady in charge has for ten years devoted her whole time to this work—a genuine "Missionary" of the best type—a welcome visitor in scores of humble houses. On certain evenings, weekly, there are gathered around her a company of deserving women who meet to receive religious instruction and to sew. They number from sixty to seventy; a few of them, aged widows, but mostly wives and mothers attended by their older daughters. They are arranged in two sections, each having its own evening. The germinal idea carried out in the system, is, that women who are toiling at home and burdened with household cares, should have occupation that will, for the time, take them

out of themselves, and turn their sympathies into fresh channels. Their evenings at the Mission, therefore, have been given to *other* families. In connection with a brief Scripture lesson and devotional service, while listening to the reading of some suitable book or direct oral teaching, their busy needles are plied in making up clothing for the Missionaries. The ample stock of materials demanded by this formidable corps of workers was supplied by Miss HOLLOND—the same materials for quality and cost, with those purchased by the Dorcas Society of the church. While they gave their time and labor to the cause of benevolence, she could not allow them to be losers by it. So a number of them were engaged statedly, with other needle-women, to make up her “Missionary work,” both for the “Church-boxes” and her own. Few ladies in our city keep so many seamstresses busy, or remunerate them so well.

Beside these exercises, the Superintendent has a “Sewing-class” for the young on Saturday afternoons. The sixty or seventy children

of this class not only "sew for the Missionaries," but cheerfully contribute their pennies to buy "Libraries for the Missionary children." On Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, she has an adult Bible-class. On Sabbath evening the parlor has always been given up to a religious service, conducted by that indefatigable and self-denying friend of the enterprise, the Elder already mentioned, and a few excellent brethren who "have a mind to the work." This service brings together many of the husbands, sons, and brothers, of the members of the Mission; and these have shared in the rich blessing with which God has crowned it.

Such in brief is the simple mechanism which has been in operation in connection with the "JUNIPER STREET MISSION," for the past decade. Its ultimate fruits will not be disclosed until the last day. But there are some statistics which it may be worth while to put on record. The average number of "members" attached to the Mission during this period, has been sixty-seven. Average

attendance upon the Bible - class, twenty-eight. Average number of children at the Saturday class, forty-five. The untiring energy and conscientious fidelity of the Superintendent, are illustrated in a journal of about 6500 visits "from house to house," in addition to her manifold labors at "the rooms." Through the Divine mercy, thirty-nine of those in attendance upon the services, have been gathered into the Church; while thirty-four boxes of clothing, worth at least eight thousand dollars, have been made up and sent to the Missionaries.

Let me add, that in writing the letters which accompanied these boxes, it was simply stated that they were sent "from a Home Mission conducted by a few Ladies of the Tenth Presbyterian Church." In no instance was I permitted to mention Miss HOLLOND'S name. Often have I seen her exult, on reading the grateful letters of the recipients, that she had succeeded so well in keeping herself out of sight in these transactions.

The results of the Mission, as indicated by the foregoing figures, are of no trivial magnitude. But how imperfectly do figures and words define the fruits of such an agency! Who can grasp the ameliorating influence, so manifold in its types and tendencies, which has all the while been flowing along the wires that have linked this Mission with its various households? It has armed them against temptation, reconciled them to privations, sweetened their toil, solaced their sorrows, augmented their pleasures, and helped to make life a very different thing to them from what it was ten years ago. Under any circumstances such an Institution must be fraught with untold good to its beneficiaries. With its actual surroundings in this case, it could only be compared to a spring of living water in the desert.

Who could envy that dear child of God the happiness she reaped from this secluded but ever-verdant plantation? Her full harvest is still future. The sheaves must be coming into the heavenly garners, now that

she is before the Throne,—and they will continue to come in until seed-time and harvest have run their round. But she began to reap while she was sowing. It was impossible, even with her deep humility, to shut her eyes to the benign effects of the Mission. These, it is true, she was predisposed to ascribe mainly to the two or three friends who were actually doing the work. But there was no disguising the fact, that it was her bounty that founded and sustained the Institution, and her enlightened judgment that shaped its policy; while it was to her, under Providence, her co-laborers were indebted for the means and the opportunity of pursuing their philanthropic vocation. Most gratefully did they and all connected with them, appreciate her kindness. Very pleasant it was to note the nameless ways in which this feeling on their part, and her tender regard for them, would gleam out whenever she appeared among them. Of one of these occasions, I must speak more definitely.

IX.

THE Christmas Holidays found meet observance at the Mission. It was always arranged that clothing and bedding and toys should be finished and prepared for one or two boxes, just at this period. These were displayed in one of the upper rooms. On the evening of the "*Festival*," the beloved Founder and Patron of the Institution came there to interchange cordial greetings with its members. Unless detained by sickness, there were no absentees. A brief religious service opened the exercises—a hymn of praise, a prayer, and a short address—all taking their complexion from the cheerful aspect of the densely-crowded rooms, hung round with the fruits of their willing industry.

This concluded, we repaired to the parlor. Tasteful hands had decorated it with pine

and holly. A spacious table, beautifully embellished, was loaded with delicious viands—substantial relishes, the choicest cakes and ices, fresh fruits—precisely such a table and supplied from the same caterers, as she was accustomed to spread for her own friends at home. The scene that presented itself when the guests, arrayed in their best attire and every face beaming with delight, were all seated at the hospitable board and addressing themselves to the “duty of the hour,” was enough to thrill the heart even of a devotee of fashionable pleasure, and make her question whether, after all, money might not be turned to some higher account than that of spending it upon a round of frivolous amusements. But there were no such spectators there—and scarcely any others. There was no space for visitors. Miss HOLLOND always invited a few friends, chiefly young ladies, to “serve the tables.” She herself uniformly took the lead in “waiting,” and they were only too glad to assist her. It was one of her pleasures to go around the room, and pass the refreshments

to her guests with her own hand, addressing a word or two to each by name, and putting up special parcels for their invalids at home. Indeed, "parcels" were in profusion. For when all had eaten and were full, there were "fragments" enough remaining to send every one away with a basket (or bag) filled to repletion.—The first set having retired, the tables were speedily cleared and re-spread exactly as before ; and the same programme was enacted with a second company. By ten o'clock they had all gone—a bright and grateful throng, with one more happy evening to chronicle in the monotonous routine of the year.

Of course the children were remembered. On one of the Holiday-afternoons they were punctually assembled at the Mission, not less than seventy of them, to enjoy a Festival of their own. It consisted, after a suitable prelude, of three courses: first, refreshments various and abundant: secondly, books: and thirdly, a Christmas-tree bearing all manner of gifts, each inscribed with its proper label.

These it was the prerogative of their Benefactress to present in person. And as the little creatures gathered around her, the facility with which she addressed them by name, showed that she was no stranger among them.

Thus closed the Juniper Street Festivals. There are many happy homes in our city during the holidays: but it would have been difficult to find one which contained such a volume of happiness as was compressed for those two days, year by year, into that humble mansion. And if giving be still better than receiving, there was one bosom which might well be filled with a joy as deep and pure as any pilgrim may presume to hope for this side of heaven. The genial scenes we have been contemplating, derived their inspiration from the Master's own teaching in Luke xiv. 12-14. She understood it well. I do not doubt she would have done just what she did, had the gracious utterance closed with the sentence—"they cannot recompense thee." It was not "recompense" she sought:

rather did she find all the reward she craved, in the ministration itself. All the more, for this very reason, will the promise be verified to her in its fulness—"Thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." Of every debt of this kind incurred by His followers, the Saviour says to the creditor, "Put that on mine account: I have written it with mine own hand, I will repay it." Is it not marvellous that His people are so slow to believe this? How, otherwise, can the fact be explained, that while there are many thousands of the wealthy who sit down at His table, so few of them know the luxury of spreading a table for His poor brethren and sisters? Will it suffice at the last day to plead that they *said* to them, "Be ye warmed and filled?" And do those who are trusting to this, remember the "Inasmuch," in the 25th chapter of Matthew?

X.

MERE generosity in money matters, does not necessarily infer the highest moral excellence. Giving, as a Christian grace, is secondary to some other graces. Miss HOLLOND thought very lightly of it in her own case. Repeatedly has she said to me—"Why do you commend me so much for giving away my money? I am simply consulting my own happiness. I take far more pleasure in giving it away, than I should in keeping it." Had this been an isolated habit, a single rose upon the stem, there might have been force in the plea. But the stem was covered with roses. There was not only giving but doing. She not only sent but went. "To her power I bear record, yea, and beyond her power," she *went about* doing good. While laboring under a valvular affection of

the heart, which exposed her to sudden and dangerous illness at any moment of her life, she sought no dispensation from active service.* Though not able to walk, she could ride, upon her errands of mercy. And into whatever she did or said on behalf of the Master's cause, there was infused that sweet and gracious spirit which impresses a double value upon offices of kindness. Her liberality, then, had its setting in a cluster of choice jewels, which enhanced its intrinsic lustre. That it was a gem, after its kind, of the first water, cannot be disputed.

As she "sought her own happiness" in giving away her income, so she gave it *all* away. She would have deemed it morally wrong to put by a single fraction for accumulation. I have often known her to carry her benefactions so far that, for the time being, she would not have money left for her household expenses;—and we have had our

* Within doors she found great relief from the use of a very complete and costly *elevator* which she introduced into her house some years ago.

pleasantry together over her impoverished condition. While she was specially interested in the "Missionary work," as already described, she was a stated contributor—one of the largest contributors in our city—to the several "Boards" of the Church, and the other objects which make their annual appeals to our congregations. No collection could be taken up amongst us, without betraying her hand. She was a subscriber to most of the benevolent societies and institutions carried on by the Christian ladies of our city. And it was a well-worn path which conducted to her door, the representatives and agents of all manner of religious, charitable, and literary associations, who flock to the great towns for pecuniary assistance.

Now and then some cause would present itself, which took hold upon her sympathies with signal power. Of this class may be named that infant and excellent Institution, the "*Home for Blind Women*," in West Philadelphia. And, still more, the "*Woman's Union Missionary Society of America for Heathen*

Lands." To this Society she had been a subscriber for several years. But it had never been adequately brought before our Christian people, until Miss BRITTAN's recent visit. This admirable woman, endowed with every gift and grace which could qualify her for her work, after nine years of laborious service in Calcutta and other Indian cities, was compelled to return home in quest of health. To herself and her associates it was a dark Providence. But He who does all things well, soon turned their sorrow into joy. After needful repose, Miss BRITTAN devoted the residue of her furlough to an active agency in behalf of the Society. She travelled extensively, visited many of the principal cities, addressed Sunday-schools and Lecture-room assemblages, and had daily parlor conferences with Christian ladies. The most indefatigable of workers, she was at the same time clothed with a mantle of exquisite refinement and delicacy. Her addresses were so marked with genuine womanly grace and modesty, that the most fastidious hearers of

both sexes listened to her with undissembled delight.

“Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman:”

and with such effect did she use it in depicting the incredible wrongs of the High Caste females of India—in relating what she herself had seen and known* of that prison-life to which they are *all* consigned—that the most cultivated audiences were impressed and affected beyond anything I have ever witnessed at “Missionary meetings.” This may be readily tested by the results. Not only were scores—probably hundreds—of new “Bands” formed as auxiliaries to the parent Society, but the influence of these services must be more or less recognized in the fact that several of the Christian denominations have, during the past summer, organized (or enlarged) *Zenana* Societies of their own, under the sanction of their supreme eccle-

* See her little volume called “KARDOO.”

siastical authorities. Miss BRITTAN has just returned to Calcutta with a corps of fresh laborers, happy and grateful in the assurance that her two years of "sick-leave" have, by God's blessing, done more for her oppressed "Hindoo Ladies," than she could have accomplished for them by twenty years of toil in going from Zenana to Zenana.

It was not possible that Miss HOLLOND should meet Miss BRITTAN, as she did, in private, and listen to her at social and public meetings, without becoming deeply interested. To her, as indeed to all of us, the miseries revealed by the opening of the sealed doors of the Zenanas, were as new, as startling, and as revolting, as were the horrible secrets disclosed to statesmen and philanthropists when John Howard threw open to them the prison-world of Europe. She took instant measures for organizing auxiliaries in our own school, a service in which she had the prompt and hearty co-operation of all the teachers and scholars. She provided for a wide circulation of the "Missionary Link," the organ of

the Society. She made generous donations to its Treasury. And sitting down soon after (we may now add) to the solemn, religious act of writing her Will, she left the Society a munificent legacy, to be applied to the support of a Zenana teacher and kindred objects.

XI.

BUT even offices of this kind are quite inadequate to exhibit the real grace and charm of her benevolence. She gave where others gave, and more than most others. But the measure and methods of her bounty took on no stereotype forms. It percolated or poured itself, as might be, into very numerous channels, some of which it had entirely to itself, and all characteristic of the thoughtful kindness of her heart. While writing this

very paragraph, the postman has brought me a letter of sympathy from one of her old, attached friends, living at the West, which says : " Her name is revered here not only in our family, but in our little church, which is indebted to her for several precious donations of Library-books, a Communion service, and, for the last three years, fifty dollars annually towards our Pastor's salary. Indeed, but for this subscription, we could not have kept our minister here, and I know not where we are now to look for help." This case may be allowed to stand for many of its kind, and the *kinds* were many.

How cordially she entered into the genial spirit of the Christmas Holidays, we have seen in part, and only in part. The Juniper Street Festivals were far from exhausting her bounty. She welcomed the season as one for remembering her *friends*, and, with them, others far and near in whom, for whatever reason, she felt an interest. To my personal knowledge, the Christmas-gifts she sent out every year, some of them of great

value, amounted to several scores. Where there are large family-circles, the numerical count may sometimes equal and even exceed this. But those are cases, usually, in which gifts are *exchanged*. Here, there were no ties of blood; and, with very few exceptions, there was, and could be, no "exchange." The feet of the messengers led from her house, not towards it. Nor was this one of those pools which an angel came down to trouble once a year. It was *never* still. Now she would fix her eye upon some youth of respectable but not wealthy parentage, and in a delicate way supply the funds for sending him to college or the Theological Seminary. Now she would educate some deserving young girl, and thus qualify her to support herself by teaching, or fit her, as has happened more than once, to fill an important and responsible position in society. Here, after sustaining an invalid for years, she would, on her recovery, present her with a piano that she might give music-lessons. There, she would send

a monthly allowance to pay the rent of some suffering woman, or some too populous household. Many a time has she said to me:—"I want you to help me. There's a family so and so that really need assistance. I want to do something for them. How shall I go about it?" Hundreds of times have I gone to her on behalf of such cases, and cases of every kind in town and country, North and South, far and near. She never refused me. She never gave reluctantly. She never gave less than I wanted. She has often pressed me to take more than I would consent to take. It was one of her pleasures, to "stretch out her hand to the poor; yea, to reach forth her hands to the needy." And in this blessed ministration, while she cheered the gray hairs, she did not overlook the children. How often has she invited to a drive some child, a stranger in town, who would not be likely to see the environs in any other way! How often has she gone with her carriage to give some poor, sick Sunday-scholar, quite unused to that sort of

equipage, a breath of fresh air! And the zest with which she would rehearse to me the surprises and the delight of her little passengers, and the incidents of the drive, never failed to invest her noble nature, as I listened to her, with an air of still higher grace and beauty. I could not repress the feeling—"Surely if the mind which was in Christ, the spirit that reigns among the ransomed in glory—be anywhere on earth, it must be here."

XII.

I AM tempted just here to dilate upon the ineffable value of such a friend to a Pastor, in his official work. Whole sheaves of appeals for aid come to us, which we are at a loss how to deal with. To spread before our people a fourth part even of those which are really meritorious, is simply impossible. What a

privilege it is to have some one at hand to whom we can take all cases of this sort with perfect freedom; one who is as ready to listen, as we to speak; and more ready to give, than we to ask! This has been one of the comforts of my pastoral life for more than thirty years. It has fallen to the lot of some of my brethren also. One of them in a neighboring city, a brother greatly beloved of God and man, my life-long friend, is blessed with the presence, in his ever-prosperous church, of a kindred spirit whose benefactions, large or small, he can ask as freely as he gives his own. Leaving out of account all the other elements which pertain to it, the price of such a woman in this relation alone is "far above rubies;" or (with Solomon's leave) diamonds either. But I pass this by.

With reference to the considerate kindness which, as just related, inspired Miss HOLLOND's care for the well-being of many whom no one else would have thought of as needing aid, or being within reach of it, there can be

no occasion for reverting to the privacy which veiled her benefactions. Beyond a question, there could have been no lack of these generous offices which were concealed from every eye but God's. Of the rest, a large proportion were disclosed only to a single friend; and *that*, sometimes because she wanted counsel, and sometimes because the agency of a third party was necessary to carry her plans into effect. If what she did in this regard ever came abroad, it was not of her connivance. She had learned the lesson well (of course it is *marked* in her Bible), "Let another praise thee and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips." Knowing all I did of the secret as well as open streams of bounty which had their source, under God, in that benevolent breast, I have more than once been amused in watching the effect produced upon her by some voluble disciple, who has seated himself by her side to regale her with a glowing narrative of his (or her) extraordinary achievements and benefactions in the field of Chris-

tian effort. It was the old story of Talkative and Christian over again. And the uniform result with her, was, to make her draw the folds of her humility and modesty, if possible, still more closely around her.

These were the comely vestments in which she walked along the narrow path. No one ever saw her clad in any others. Large supplies of daily grace there must have been to keep down so thoroughly all self-complacency. For love, no less than hate, is a test of character. And one who leads the life that she did, must needs be loved. She did not seek it: it came to her. And it came from every quarter. For she could go nowhere without displaying unconsciously the good sense, the refinement, the unselfishness, and the sympathy, which were part of her being. And these were qualities to win esteem even from strangers. In the church of which she was an ornament, and through a wide circle extending much beyond it, the universal sentiment with which she was regarded, was that of deep, reverential affection. Every one

revered her. Every one loved her. There was no one amongst us *so much* revered and loved. It was the spontaneous homage of all hearts to one who was clearly seen to have put aside the thought of self, and to be living for the good of others. Craving no distinction, exacting no attention, courting seclusion rather, and having no solicitude nor aim beyond that of doing good in her own tranquil way, she could not elude the inevitable law, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." It has been my privilege to meet with a large number of Christian women, the lineal descendants of those mentioned in such passages as Luke viii. 3; Acts i. 14; Mark xiv. 3, and xvi. 1. Affluent in the graces of the Spirit, and abounding in the fruits of righteousness, their rich adornment has been the signatures of the Divine friendship, and they have enjoyed the merited esteem and confidence of all who were associated with them. But aside from the rare symmetry of her character and the beautiful consistency of her example, there were two considerations

which attempered the universal affection cherished for Miss HOLLOND, with a sort of tenderness I have observed, to the same extent, in no other case. These were—first, the recollection of that long series of bereavements which had blighted her home, and left her literally alone in the world: and, secondly, the precarious condition of her health as betrayed to the eye of every observer, by the *extremely* slow and cautious step with which she moved about in the Sunday-school room and elsewhere, and walked to and fro along the half-square that separated her house from the church—the longest distance she attempted for several years. Here was a visible token of the slender and brittle tie upon which that precious life was suspended. And the blending of these two elements served to endear her more and more to all who knew her, down to the day that she was summoned home. But this wealth of sympathy and affection which flowed in upon her, instead of fostering pride, seemed rather to intensify the feeling of self-distrust and unworthiness which pervaded her whole character.

XIII.

THE readers of this imperfect MEMORIAL will naturally wish to learn something more about the *inner life* of one who bore so much of the Saviour's image. It is a subject upon which my words must be few, and, if possible, well chosen,—and that, for two reasons. Miss HOLLOND's sensitiveness on this point was extreme. She had a series of manuscript volumes in which were recorded her private memoranda for a considerable term of years. Resolved that the sanctity of this journal should not be infringed, she gave both oral and written directions that these books should be burned immediately on her death. The order was obeyed. Her reticence in speaking of her religious exercises, was such that to only a single friend (so I suppose) did she ever open her lips on the subject. With

him she conversed often and freely. That confidence must not be abused.

The second reason is supplied by the general tenor of those conversations. It may be permitted me so far to refer to them, as to indicate the type of her religious experience. For it will comfort the host of "bruised reeds" in the church, to know that she was of them. Her sister FANNY had

"Trode the same path to heaven."

Both were by nature of a pensive cast. Both were so filled with the spirit of the Publican, that they shrank from appropriating the Divine mercy. With both, their spiritual exercises borrowed a tinge of sadness from physical causes. To the younger sister there came a day of ransom, some three years before her death. I cannot think that I shall wrong the memory of that dear saint, by allowing her own pen to record the auspicious event, and her characteristic mode of acknowledging the Divine goodness. In a note

addressed to me at the time (Dec. 1839), after alluding to those "whose natural disposition and abilities prevent them from engaging in plans of more active usefulness," she says:—"With a grateful sense in lively exercise of the *deliverance* (for such I begin to believe it to be) which I have myself experienced within the last few months, you will not be surprised to hear that the condition of those who may be suffering, as I have been for years, from *low and inadequate views of the character of our Saviour*, is very near my heart; and that the circulation of a book on this subject, was the first that suggested itself as an appropriate object for my *thank-offering*. It would be exceedingly gratifying to me to select for this purpose something which, under God, has been blessed to my own soul." She goes on to ask my consent to the stereotyping and publishing, in a small volume, of two sermons on Matt. xii. 20, "believing that such a book, accompanied with prayer for the Divine blessing, would redound to the honor and glory of our common Lord and Re-

deemer." Carefully keeping herself in the background, she sets apart a generous sum (two hundred and fifty dollars) to carry the plan into effect.

In quoting this narrative, I am conscious of no motive but a desire to illustrate the Christian piety of this desponding, rejoicing disciple; and to magnify the grace which shone forth in her "deliverance." To her precious sister it was allotted to wrestle for a much longer period

"With sins, and doubts, and fears."

Although not kept for years in the same fiery furnace, she was no stranger to the spiritual conflicts through which *Fanny Bickersteth** made her way to glory. "Dear child!" said that most eloquent of English preachers, Dr. M'Neile, after leaving the room of this suffering saint; "there is a spectacle to men and angels carrying on upon that bed. I doubt not she is doing more for the glory of God,

* "DOING AND SUFFERING."

than many of us in the fore-front of the battle." I have looked more than once upon a kindred scene, and with a similar feeling. A *prevailing* hope there was, and of late years, *ordinarily* peace,—peace and hope nourished by no meagre appropriation of her daily hours to the word of God and the throne of grace. It was noticeable to her old friends, that she had attained what might be called a settled air of cheerfulness. Life was unquestionably brighter and sweeter to her than it had been. But there was still, below the surface, an undertone of plaintive feeling, a sadness, sometimes, which linked the present with the past. It was rarely that the Sun of Righteousness shone down upon her path from a sky absolutely cloudless.

Have we any key to this mystery?—for mystery it is. Something bearing upon the point has been suggested. The unerring Word teaches us that God often leaves a child of light to walk for awhile in darkness. (See Isaiah l. 10.) If we may judge from observation, this is one of His usual methods where

He would train His children for eminent usefulness. It is in the bitter conflict with sin and temptation, they discover their own weaknesses, learn more of the fulness and freeness of Divine grace, and gain new views of the patience and tenderness of the Redeemer. These supply fresh motives to gratitude and obedience, as they also help to qualify His people for functions which demand precisely such a tutelage. Every one perceives this in so far as the Church militant is concerned. But there are examples which have no adequate solution from anything we see in the present life; believers, upon whose intense and protracted spiritual sufferings, the outward course of God's providence sheds very little light. Peradventure this thought may alleviate the difficulty. Discipline is in order to service. Discipline ends with earth. Service never ends. May it not be—must it not be—that the painful discipline visited upon these humble, doubting, oppressed, souls, and continued so long, is designed to train them for some glorious ministry on high? “Visited upon

them," I say. For while we may not deny that the misgivings of these timid disciples are largely traceable to unbelief; while it is clear that they *ought* to discard their "low and inadequate views of the Saviour," to take God at His word, and appropriate the perfect liberty for which their hearts are yearning; it is no less true, that hope and peace and joy are the heritage of those only upon whom God bestows them. Like all other spiritual mercies, He bestows them in answer to prayer. Thus St. Paul intercedes on behalf of the Christians at Rome:—"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost." In general such prayers as this, no doubt, bring down the desired blessing. But with the annals of the Church before us, no one will venture to controvert the position, that our infinitely wise and condescending Father exercises His sovereignty as well in communicating these graces as in everything else, "dividing to each one severally as He will." Nor is it

less apparent that those humble, devout disciples of whom we are speaking, while missing the full measure of joy and peace attained by many believers, excel them, often, in a deeper experience of the evil of sin and of the craft of Satan, and in the sense they have of the matchless beauty and glory of the Saviour's Person. Is it a fond conceit that all this may be intended to fit them for some exalted service near His throne to which, for reasons beyond our grasp, the triumphant *Great-Hearts* of the Church would not be so well suited? However that may be, it is delightful to think of the unutterable joy with which these weary pilgrims will learn at length that they have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city, and see *His* face whom, unseen, they loved; and with what loud acclaim they will sing,—

“We tread His heaven our earth who trod;
We wear His robes our flesh who wore:
O Son of Man! O Son of God!
THOU art our own: we ask no more.”

XIV.

FOR one or two years our dear friend had been losing ground. Her strength was slowly declining, and her asthmatic symptoms became more decided. The unexampled heat of the season was telling upon her. Early in July she took cold and was confined to her bed for several days. On Wednesday the 20th of that month she went with us to Cresson, where we had spent every summer together since '61. A mournful event directly occurred. Our friends Mr. GEORGE C. FRANCISCUS and his family were our fellow-travellers to Cresson. Already in very delicate health, he was taken sick the night of our arrival. Early on Saturday the crowded hotel was thrilled with the announcement that he had died that morning. Miss HOLLOND had, prior to this, assimilated her own

condition to his—nor was she alone in this impression. The sudden termination of his case affected her deeply: first, in her sympathy for his bereaved family; and, secondly, in its bearing upon herself. That very day she said to me with strong emotion, “I shall die just as Mr. FRANCISCUS has died.”—On Monday I came to town to conduct the services at his funeral. The large concourse who were present, many of them from distant parts of the State, attested the high estimate in which he was held, and the wide-spread sorrow for his death. He was, indeed, a man greatly and deservedly beloved.

I returned to Cresson on Wednesday evening, and that night Miss HOLLOND experienced what seemed to be a severe attack of indigestion. It was really a new development of her subtle heart-disease. By a good Providence, among the guests at the hotel was one of our eminent physicians,—Dr. GEORGE W. NORRIS, a gentleman who combines the most refined sensibilities and the utmost amenity of manners, with professional skill

and experience which form a part of the Medical fame of our city. Although himself in feeble health, he came promptly, on being invited, to the relief of our dear invalid, and, after that, allowed no day to pass without seeing her twice. His visits were a source of real comfort to her, and she daily expressed to me her grateful sense of his kindness. At the end of a week, all the adverse symptoms were abated, and we noted with thankfulness a marked amelioration in her general condition. Unable to retain more than the slightest measure of nourishing food, her strength had declined rapidly: she was extremely restless; and got but a little sleep. Now we hoped for better things—all but herself. At a very early period of her illness, she said to me—“I know my own situation better than any one else can know it. I am not going to recover.” And then she gave me several directions respecting domestic matters and her funeral. To these apprehensions, neither myself nor any one of the little group around her, could respond. Had the attack come in the form with

which we were only too familiar, we should have known how to estimate it. As it was, we could not believe that it was a dangerous illness. We looked forward to her recovery with a confidence naturally increased when, to our eyes, the crisis had passed, and it remained only to build up her strength. But God was preparing His child for her departure. Her own thoughts were still of death. For three brief days more we were permitted to indulge the expectation of her recovery, when, on the following Monday evening, she suddenly grew worse. With the early morning of Tuesday (August 9) we were gathered around her. About three o'clock she said to me—"Oh, Mr. B., I've been *very* sick; but I feel better now: I think it is passing off." Mindful to the last of the comfort of others, she added—"Do you go back to your bed, and I'll turn over and go to sleep." This was just what she did. She went to sleep. A peaceful sleep it was—broken only once, when she replied intelligently to a question of Dr. NORRIS. With her head slightly drooping and

resting upon my hand, in a few minutes more the gentle breathing ceased, and another pure spirit had joined the company of the redeemed.

During these twelve days of sickness, the nursing had devolved almost wholly upon one of her faithful "girls," her constant attendant in her summer excursions for seventeen years. Day and night was she at her side. Always with her in her illnesses, she understood her ways better than any one else, and could more readily anticipate her wishes. With quiet step and efficient hand she pursued her anxious ministration—never impatient and never wearied. How well she fulfilled that sacred trust, found fit expression one day when the grateful sufferer, touched by her unceasing and affectionate offices of kindness, called her by name and exclaimed out of the depths of a thankful heart, "I love you like a sister." The consciousness that she contributed so much to mitigate the trials of that last illness and to smooth the

dying pillow of one so beloved of God, will be a well-spring of comfort to her through life.

My own family were present from the beginning. Another of her intimate friends, Mrs. JUDGE JONES, of Philadelphia, came to Cresson a few days before the closing scene, and received a cordial welcome. Entering at once with a genuine sympathy into the exigencies of the case, she gladly brought to her relief all the resources of her practical wisdom, her high culture, her profound religious experience, and that strengthening aid which it is the rare faculty of some persons to communicate by their very presence. With unfeigned thankfulness did our dear invalid acknowledge the goodness of God in bringing her friend to her at this crisis.

Of her own exercises it must suffice to say, that in the first stages of her illness, she did not escape those sharp conflicts with unbelief and doubt, which so often harass for a time even the most matured believers on a bed of sickness. Afterward she en-

joyed more peace. Habitually was she seeking light and strength and filial confidence and an assured hope, at the mercy-seat. Although painfully oppressed with the fluctuating pulsation, the embarrassed breathing, and the all but insupportable exhaustion and restlessness, which at times marked her case, no one heard a murmur of impatience from her lips. Her whole tone throughout was that of unquestioning submission to the will of her Heavenly Father :—"Not my will, but Thine, be done !" And those sweet breathings of devotion addressed to "her *dear, precious Saviour*," with which her soft voice would break the stillness of the night-watches,—can we doubt, that He heard the gentle cry, and revealed Himself to her as tenderly as He did to Mary in the Garden, and assured her at length that He was *her* Redeemer, and hers forever ?

XV.

MR. ROBERT EWING, long an invalid, had died just three months before. It has been already mentioned that this upright and excellent man was Miss HOLLOND's step-uncle. On returning from his obsequies, she said to me:—"I shall not have a single relative to follow me to the grave." "You may have no relatives, Harriet," was my reply, "but there will be no lack of *mourners*." This was fully verified on the afternoon of the 12th of August. The throng that pressed into every part of that beautiful but desolate mansion, wore an aspect of unwonted sadness—unwonted, even for a funeral occasion. It comprised all her personal friends who were in the city, and a concourse of the poor. Her "Juniper Street women" were there in force. No one came, apparently, from barren respect

or courtesy. The anomaly was presented of a large house filled, not with conventional but real mourners, although no tie, even of remote consanguinity, had been sundered as to a single individual among them. But other sacred ties had been ruptured. "This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did:" and many were the widows and children who now came to weep around the bier of their best earthly friend. Nor these alone. "The rich and the poor met together" in this scene, and commingled their tears over their common loss. Appropriate expression was given to the general grief in the impressive funeral services, which were conducted by the Rev. Dr. W. M. RICE and the Rev. SAMUEL T. LOWRIE. And then we bore the precious remains to Laurel Hill, and laid them to rest among her kindred—there to await the coming of the Lord.

As I describe these closing scenes, there lies before me in HARRIET'S writing, a copy of a letter sent to her from a distant city just after her sister FANNY'S death (Oct. 1842), by

a near relative of my own, to whom she had paid a visit that summer. It is so singularly and touchingly applicable to the elder sister, that it may serve as another clasp to bind these two sweet names together in my simple narrative.

“With regard to the inquiry made by you relative to FANNY’S particular state of mind last summer, I know not that I can give you any further information than you already possess. She did not unfold her whole heart to me: and when she did give expression to her personal feelings and personal griefs, it was with a painful effort. She suffered much, as was quite evident to me; though sometimes, I doubt not, the worship of the Sanctuary in which she delighted, of the place of prayer where, if strength allowed, she always wished to resort, and her private seasons of devotion, were severally a balm and consolation to her heart. Sometimes, too, I believe my words of comfort and hope ministered to her enjoyment, and until the conflict of feeling occasioned by that sore trial threw her

back, there was an evident and decided increase of serenity and cheerfulness.

“ I cannot lay my finger precisely on this or that expression or demonstration of feeling: but there was that about FANNY HOLLOND which makes me about as sure that she is in heaven to-day as I am of my own existence. There was a deadness to the world; the bowing of an humble and contrite spirit before God; a universal spirit of meekness and love; a relish for spiritual things; a constant looking upward towards heaven when she was not looking downward as she oftener was (while with us) into her own heart, and backward upon her life, casting upon both, not the accustomed self-complacent glance of many a professing Christian, but the self-loathing look of a soul that views itself in the light of eternity,—tokens like these there were which could not be misinterpreted. Doubtless disease had much to do with her peculiar views at that time. But the contrition and the humility were not the effect of circumstance. They were ingrained in the very text-

ure of her character; and FANNY could no more have thought more highly of herself than she ought to think (I speak it reverently, not forgetting that none here 'have already attained or are already perfect') than one of the saints above could glory in his graces or achievements. And why? Because the same grace which keeps those bright spirits humble, had made and kept her humble also."

How striking the coincidence in the religious experience of these sisters! And how joyful has been the reunion between the two who had "gone before," and her who has now joined them! Deep were the draughts they had taken of earthly sorrow. Alike had they been

———"tossed about

With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without."

Through all vicissitudes, even in the "cloudy and dark days" of their pilgrimage, not one of them faltered in that grateful, tender devotion to the Saviour which would

have made her prize it as the sweetest of all ministries, to be permitted to wash His feet with her tears and wipe them with the hairs of her head. And now, these sorrows and temptations ended, they are together before His throne, the blessedness of each enhanced by the others' redemption, and all filled with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Surely if there be any one class among the ransomed to whom heaven will be more welcome than to any others, it will be those whom the Church so well knows and loves and cherishes as her "bruised reeds." These precious sisters, upon whose paths there lingers still the softened radiance of the better country, what pen shall describe or heart conceive the fulness of their bliss, in exchanging the conflicts and trials of earth for the "Saints' Everlasting Rest?" Together do they bow "before the throne of God and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them,

nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"For brightest, Lord, on weeping eyes,
The Happy Fields do break;
Those golden gates, those smiling skies,
Thy mourners gladdest make.

"How eager to the Realm of Rest
The weary pilgrims come;
What hearts like hearts forlorn, are blest
In the sweet Heavenly Home!

"These tears, these pains—what bliss they wake
The Happy Fields among!
How sweet, how rapturous they make
The everlasting song!

"The memory of these mournful years
The heavenly joy fulfils;
More sad and lone the Vale of Tears,
More bright the Eternal Hills."

APPENDIX.

I.

It seems proper to include in this volume, the following just and beautiful tribute from the pen of Mrs. JUDGE JONES, which was published soon after Miss HOLLOND's decease :—

OBITUARY.

Died, at Cresson, Pa., on Tuesday the 9th inst., HARRIET HOLLOND, of Philadelphia. An obituary notice, a tribute to the departed, is sometimes a mark of respect, sometimes a sense of what is due to human character, sometimes the overflow of a loving heart. This tribute embraces more—even gratitude to God for such a representation of Gospel living, for such a light, such a lover of the human race, such a “feeder of the hungry, and clother of the naked, and visitor of the sick;” such a strong arm and open hand in the Church of Christ, such a full and complete exemplification of a “true friend,” that character so rarely found in the walks of life. No language can portray this char-

acter as she stands in her deep humility, clothed in all the grace which her loving Lord so lavishly bestowed upon her. Born in the bosom of the Presbyterian Church, reared under a faithful ministry (for thirty-eight years a member of Dr. Boardman's church), surrounded by all the refinements of life, as well as by the joys of a happy home, she sought her pleasures in the society of congenial friends, rather than in the gay walks of the world. Beautiful as her natural character was, the Great Refiner would make it a model of human excellence, so He placed her in the school of affliction. Here she learned lessons of submission and self-consecration. Father, mother, brother, sister after sister departed, until in a few years the grave closed on the last member of her family, leaving her the sole representative of a once large household. Sweet Christian ministries gathered about her in her desolation; relationships were woven round her heart, such only as the Gospel of Christ can weave. She looked forth again upon the world with a cheerful spirit, sanctified by sorrow, considering herself not her own, and using her large means for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the mitigation of human suffering. Her chief characteristics were humility and benevolence, the highest type of both. For nearly twenty years Miss HOLLOND has had a constant reminder that any moment she might be called into the eternal world; but this did not affect her habitual cheerfulness, or ever intrude itself upon her friends by murmur or discontent. She was forgetful of self; her piety was unobtrusive; it was the inwrought work of the Spirit, apparent in action and de-

votional duty, not in word. She was a meek and lowly disciple of a meek and lowly Saviour—a friend of Jesus and of all who loved Him. Her life bore testimony to His faithfulness, so that when the call, “Come up higher,” reached her ear, she had nothing to do but to breathe her spirit gently away into the bosom of Him who has graciously given the Church such an example of faith and patience. Surrounded by those she loved, at the beautiful mountain retreat, her chosen summer resort, HARRIET HOLLOND entered into rest, just at the break of day, on the morning of the 9th inst. Three days afterward her remains were borne to the Cemetery at Laurel Hill, followed by a large concourse of true mourners. “The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.”

E. P. S. J.

II.

WHILE these sheets have been passing through the press, I have received from a dear friend of Miss HOLLOND's, already mentioned, a REQUIEM, unpublished as yet, with which I am happy to conclude this volume. Those who have known the parties, will not be surprised on finding here the truest sensibility and the tenderest love, united with exquisite poetic grace and beauty.

A NEW GRAVE AT LAUREL HILL.

AUGUST 12, 1870.

BREAK, break the summer earth,
Slowly our dead comes forth,

Last of her race!

Near those who gave her birth,
Near those whose sunny mirth
Blessed, once, her home and hearth,
Make ye her place!

With holy reverence touch
The graves she loved so much,
The dust of years;

Tended from early youth,
Cherished with faithful truth,
 Watered with tears;
Graves of the long ago,
Tears that have ceased to flow,
 Memories gray;
Time-hallowed is each mound;
Light fall your footsteps round,
The while you break the ground
For her who comes this day,
 Beside her dead
Her tired heart to lay,
 And weary head.

Sisters and sire lie here;
 Man in his prime
Came hither on his bier:
Maidens,—oh rarely dear,
 Dear for all time,—
Sought 'neath o'erspreading trees
This home of sanctities;
Child-life, as fair as brief,
Fluttered, like summer-leaf,
 Falling too soon,
Ere yet Life's year of grief
 Had reached its June,
Drooped, like the early rose,
Entered this calm repose.

All, all had passed away;
Yet she who comes to-day
 To this green rest,
Went on her lonely way
 Blessing and blest;
Through sorrow's mist and haze
 Raising to Heaven,
Tear-stained,—a patient face,—
Trusting,—a heart, through grace
 Not wholly riven;
Grief-softened, sanctified,
 Dwelling afar
Where they who early died
 God's angels are.

For the deep yearning love
 She bore her dead,
None less than *His*, above,
 Stood her in stead;
Our human hearts gave theirs,
 Poured out like rain
Daily and nightly prayers,
Praying, through all the years,
 “God, ease her pain,
Let Thy sufficing grace,
 Holy, Divine,
Make her heart's empty space
 Altar and shrine.”

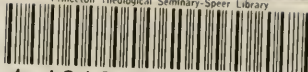
How her large heart loved all!
 Best loving *One!*
Yet shadows dim would fall,
 Crossing her sun;
Now she has cloudless light,
Boundless and Infinite;
 Her tears are shed :—
Where Faith is lost in sight,
“There shall be no more night,”
 So God hath said.

Borne by young arms she loved
(As it so well behooved),
 The burden nears;
Her grieving Poor, low-bowed,
Mingle among the crowd,
Grief unrepressed and loud
 Wails through their tears;
True hearts, that clung to hers,
 Quiver with pain,
As funeral anthem stirs
 Anguish in vain;
On, then, ye Bearers, on!
Lay your beloved one down;
Dust give to kindred dust,
 ’Mid flowers that fade;
Pure spirit of the Just
 Perfect is made!

Earth passes,—life is fleet;
Heaven must needs be sweet
To her who comes this day,
Beside her dead
Her tired heart to lay,
And weary head.
Beneath the summer sod
Then give her place,
She passes hence to God,
LAST OF HER RACE!

ASHLEY GRANGE.

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